

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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APRIL 6, 1919

## Soldiers of the Hose and Hoe.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

"H L, Jack! How does it feel to be in the army?" called Red Rivers, hobbling over to watch Jack Bailey extract weeds from his garden plot.

"Feels like work, allee same last year," grinned Jack, stopping to fan his fevered brow with his Mexican hat. "Glad to see you out again, Red."

Jack was an energetic member of the United States School Gardens Army, recruited in the public schools. It had seemed as much fun as a cageful of monkeys when the teachers solemnly appointed captains from the boys and girls who had held the best records for the previous year's gardens.

Why, the captains were even decorated with real service bars, bearing a trio of stars, while the "Loots" had to be content with two.

"We shall need specialists, too," the principal of Jack's school had told the children. "If we're to make Uncle Sam's Garden Army give the best possible service, we want to get into it right. 'Feed the Fighters' is a good slogan for us, and it's fine to be a part of this new national army, I tell you!"

How the children did clap and cheer when they heard some of them would be chosen for the "irrigation squad." Then they found that specialists would be called "corn-hoers,

bug-fighters, and weed-pullers." The principal told them with a smile: "You'll all have a chance to tell what work you can do the best. Last year some of you were champion corn or bean growers; others were expert in potato culture, and some, of course, did better at straight, all-around gardening. In other words, we need plenty of just 'regulars.'"

"That's me," decided Jack Bailey, promptly. "I can get on better with common old onions and lettuce and plain garden-sass. Now Tom Dana can train his beans to do tricks, nearly. Anyway, they get up and grow till they beat any magic beanstalk, I tell you. But when a fellow does his levellest best, that's all Uncle Sam asks of him, I guess."

Jack's neighbor and Scout chum was Red Rivers. Poor Red had been very ill, and was just able to crawl around again at the time his schoolmates started their "setting-up exercises" as garden regulars. It was a very pasty-looking Red who enviously watched husky Jack doing acrobatic feats in his garden plot that day.

"Jacky, get your hoe, get your hoe," hummed Red, feeling a bright vegetable green with chagrin at his own weakness. "Say, boy, I'd give my head and every red hair on it for half your pep. I'll be a pretty patriot, won't I? Without a single carrot or turnip to my name this summer," he ended disgustedly. "Worst of it is, I *look* like a dough-boy—with the tan faded off!"

Jack straightened up, got rid of the cork-

screw in his spine, and eyed his chum thoughtfully. "Doctor bills are pretty tough tacked onto the high cost of eating, aren't they?" he sympathized.

Red nodded gloomily. "And it's about 'leven-teen times worse to see mother slaving away at her typewriter while I can't do a thing more useful than help around the house like a girl," he confessed miserably.

"Well, cheer up," advised Jack, cheerfully. "You're stronger than you were last week, and next week you'll go up several degrees along with the thermometer. So before hay-fever time comes a-sneezing along you'll be delivering papers and maybe doing lots of odd jobs to help." And Jack stalked and surprised a patch of dandelions, giving them no quarter.

"Oh, I'll get well all right," grumbled Red, "but I'll be a thousand miles behind the School Gardens Army, won't I? And I'm just aching to be a regular along with the other fellows."

"Never mind. I'll borrow a helping hand of you one of these days," warned Jack. "About July the clouds will get stingy and forget to rain. About then I'll be a busy little lad, snatching weeds and peddling salad stuff, and I'll invite you to sit under the shady maple and wave the hose for me. Of course you'll send regrets."

"Not one," Red solemnly assured his friend. "I'll be tickled to pieces to help any old way. Why, I'll help haul your onions in the baby's red wagon," he offered generously, "or I'll even hold your bank for you while you drop the nickels in."

Unluckily, Jack's weather prophecy came true. It proved to be a very dry summer, with the weeds and grasshoppers as thick as thieves. Jack worked like a rookie from daylight till dusk, keeping his rows neatly weeded, and disposing of his products. More and more Red helped till Jack called him "Chief Rainmaker," or "The Rubber Specialist."

Certain it is, the hoe boy and the hose boy were so faithful to their business that their mothers declared the young gardeners walked in their sleep, to make sure the corn and beets were quite comfortable, and not associating with weeds.

Jack had been almost too busy to remember that old Judge Clayton had offered a ten-dollar gold piece to the garden regular having the best-cared-for plot in his neighborhood. "The one that shows the best arrangement, care, and results," the Judge announced.

"Whew! It's too big an order for me," declared Jack, when he heard, and dismissed the matter with a wave of his hoe. His bank, an old pewter teapot, gave forth a merry tinkling music as the summer passed, and Jack thrilled with excitement when he found his wealth must overflow into the Dutch tankard. "Afraid I'll have to lose sleep soon, sitting up to guard it," he chuckled to himself. "Guess I'll borrow the kid's airgun." And as he saw Red proving such an enthusiastic, faithful ally day after day, Jack gloated over a genuine all-his-own secret.



GETTING A VACANT LOT READY FOR CULTIVATION



When Judge Clayton and the Committee came to inspect the gardens, Jack was away on an errand, but Red was holding forth with the hose as usual.

"This your garden, young man?" asked the Judge, beaming approval over his tortoise-rimmed spectacles. Red turned as vivid a hue as his hair and explained that he was merely a sort of orderly to officer Jack.

"Ah, hum! I see!" said the old man, as he peered up one row and down another and jotted down notes, till, as Red told Jack later, "the beets got two shades redder, the lettuce wilted, and one lone lady-bug got so nervous she hid under a cabbage."

"Well, I'm sorry I missed the garden review," said Jack. "Wonder what he thought of us anyway?" That day a note came, asking him to report at a certain place on Birch Street. Jack rather thought it was the new assistant scoutmaster wanting him; but when he appeared at the specified number after supper, he nearly dropped to find Judge Clayton expecting him.

Jack could never recall exactly what the genial old man said to him. His head and heart were humming with excitement and joy, for could you beat it? His garden had been found worthy of the Judge's prize money! Wasn't it a jolly old world, though, and wouldn't dear old Red be tickled pink?

Jack's tongue loosened up and he told the kindly Judge all about his campaign, in which Red had served so humbly and well. The Judge shook hands with him all over, and gave him the shiniest, biggest gold circle Jack had ever owned. He understood all about that Mercury fellow that had wings on his heels, as he hustled home that evening.

Red was waiting, and Jack marched him into the den in a jiffy, and placed a Dutch tankard and a pewter teapot between them. "Help me count money!" Jack ordered exultantly. "Do you know we're bloated bondholders, fellow? Over forty dollars from our garden, and the Judge's ten, if I'm any adder, makes us more than fifty dollars for our season's labor. Don't faint. Besides, I've put on muscle by the yard, and you're standing there with a complexion like a garden beet, whereas you were so chalky it made your hair look violent!"

"Say, Jack, if that's your idea of a joke," began Red, flushing painfully. "Naw, I don't care what you say about my hair, but I mean about the money. It was your garden, and it's your money." Then something in his chum's face gave away the whole long-hidden secret. "You meant to do this from the start, and I—I didn't earn a tenth of it!" he finished, quite overcome with feeings.

Jack slapped him on the back, affectionately. "See here, old Scout. I won't be thanked by anybody, and there's nothing for you to do but put this pile of ready cash in your overalls. The hose boy shares alike with the regular, and don't you forget it!"

### Of Course.

"COME on," said the first flea as he hopped from the brown bear's left foreleg, "come over and join me in a short game of golf."

"Golf!" exclaimed the second flea, hastily taking a bite of hyena. "Where in the realm of Barnum are we going to play golf?"

"Why," said the first flea, "over on the lynx, of course."

*Boys' Life.*



## THE LIGHTHOUSE IN THE DUCK-POND BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

*Drawing by Josephine Bruce.*

### Chapter Three.

THEY opened the screen-door and Louis stepped in. He held out his hands and showed them two large moths. Smaller ones were crawling up his wrists or sticking to the sleeves of his sweater.

"I didn't take any pains bringing them down," he said, "because they're only common ones that I don't want to keep." He opened the door again and let them all flutter away into the dark.

"If I'd found a lunar moth," he went on, "it would have been quite a piece of work to get it down safe. Now do you see what the lantern is for? It's screened all round so they can't fly into it and get burned, but it attracts them out of the woods and bushes and I find them on the roof. I got some of my best specimens that way. See here."

He unlocked and opened that box they had noticed, and from it he began taking cases of mounted butterflies and moths. The colors did not show well by the light of the little kerosene lamp on the table, but the specimens were perfect and beautifully mounted, under glass, in a way that showed both sides of the insect. Some of them looked so big and handsome that Peter asked what country they came from.

"Well, those you're looking at came from the big meadow out beyond Nutmeg Hill. These are all native specimens, and the State Entomologist has offered me twenty-five dollars for my collection as soon as I've got a lunar moth to put in it. I've had two or three, but they weren't good enough, or something happened to them before I got them fixed up right."

"Is a lunar moth a big pale green one with great wide wings that look like silk crepe?" asked Ellen.

"That's the fellow! I could find one if I had my time. But you see I work all day for my cousin, Abel Frost. He keeps the repair shop on Main Street. So I can't go moth-hunting every night. By coming over and staying here in the lighthouse I get a few specimens right along, but I'm about sick of waiting for a big green beauty to come and light on my roof. If I could have a whole day off to

hang around in that big meadow I could probably get one, and maybe a white admiral butterfly. I'm not satisfied with the white admiral I've got."

"Well, say!" Peter, who had done some butterfly-hunting himself, burst out excitedly; "we've nothing at all to do except look on while the rest of 'em feed the pigs. How far is it to that meadow?"

"Five miles. You'd have to hire a team; your uncle doesn't keep any horse," said Louis. "I can't have you taking a whole lot of trouble for me, but if you happen to meet a lunar moth in any of your travels I shall be much obliged if you'll bag him for me. The butterfly man is coming next week and if my collection isn't complete he'll go and buy of somebody else." Louis paused a moment and then spoke thoughtfully: "Seems to me I must have that twenty-five dollars!" He looked as if the words had slipped out in spite of himself and he tried to speak carelessly as he added: "Twenty-five dollars looks a lot to me. I don't earn much yet."

They went home to bed, with their heads full of Louis and his butterflies, and they could talk of nothing else at breakfast. They looked indignantly at Uncle Roger when he observed that Louis Trevor was a queer fish. "Settin' up nights to catch bugs!" the old man remarked. "But then, if he can get money for 'em, I suppose that's reason enough. He and Abel are poor as mice; they live in some rooms over the shop and just about squeeze out a living. It's hard on the boy, for he used to have a good home before his uncle died."

The four young people listened with interest as he went on to tell them about Louis. He had been left without father or mother at about the time Una Linford, who was an orphan too, had come to live with an uncle here in the village. This uncle had taken Louis in and the two children had had a good home together for several years. Then the uncle had died and Una had gone off to live with some other relative until an aunt of hers had bought the house on Mill Street and sent for the "big girl!" to come and live with her. In the mean time Louis had settled



with his Cousin Abel and had stayed there.

"Then he and Captain Una must have been just like brother and sister once," observed Ellen. "O Peter, don't you suppose we can walk over to that meadow and see if we can get him a lunar moth and a white admiral?"

"You wouldn't have to walk," put in Uncle Roger, "if you didn't feel above Puddyfoot."

"We don't," declared Peter, quickly. "Who's Puddyfoot?"

"The old mule I used to use on the grocery team. I couldn't bear to get rid of him after I sold the store out, and he spends most of his time down in the jungle, as you've named it. He's rough as a burr and the old cart looks pretty funny these days, but you can have the outfit if you can get any fun out of it."

They jumped at this offer, and it was not long before they had the old mule harnessed and ready to start. Uncle Roger bent double with laughter as they drove out of the yard.

"I always thought city folks were kind of fussy and proud about the rigs they drove," he called after them, "but I guess you're not that sort."

Peter sat on the seat of the covered cart and the others were stowed away in behind with the luncheon baskets. They thought nothing could have been better for an all-day picnic than the old cart, for the painted canvas top was a good shelter from sun or rain.

"It's a regular wagon-camp," said Peter. "Now first we've got to drive to Louis' place and get a butterfly net and learn just how to take care of the specimens when we get them. There's Captain Una," and he waved to the big girl who was looking at them in surprise from the foot of Hill Street.

They found Louis filing a saw at the door of the little shop. He looked as if he would like very much to go with them, but he said there was a good deal of work to-day and Abel needed him. He got the net and told them about caring for the specimens and then directed them how to reach the big meadow, "First turn to the right and then keep straight ahead, past Nutmeg Hill," he said.

They felt that they were really getting some good from being in the country as they turned into this back road with the ribbons of grass growing between the wheel tracks. It was a beautiful June morning, and there was such a chorus of song sparrows and bobolinks along the way that it was like an outdoor concert. The road was bordered mostly by pasture lands, and they saw not a human creature till they drove out of a piece of woods close to the village of Nutmeg Hill with its main street and the mills lying in the hollow beyond.

"We don't have to go through it," mused Peter, as Puddyfoot stopped short in hope of a nap. "We can drive right along this road around the hill. But shouldn't you kind of like to see whether there is a hasty-pudding-colored house up that street? We couldn't miss it, if there is one."

"We should like it awfully, specially if Sarah Starlight should be looking at us out of the window," declared Spud. "Do let's drive right up there, Peter."

So the old grocery wagon and the ragged mule crept up the steep road and pres-

ently Peter pulled up short to stare at a house which would have caught anybody's eye at once. It was a good house and looked fairly new, but it was painted a curious yellow color like corn meal, and the trimmings were as green as the grass in the little strip of yard. In the front window hung a placard with the words "To let."

"So Sarah doesn't live here any more," cried June. And then they all looked at a woman who had come running out of the house with a broom in one hand and a bit of carpet in the other.

"If you're looking for a rent," she called to them, "I'm left in charge. I'm cleaning it up. The family moved out last week."

They told her they were not looking for a rent, and then they sat wondering how they could explain to her why they were stopping to stare at that house. Ellen said to herself that it wouldn't be sense to ask if it were Sarah Starlight who had just moved out.

"Was there a young girl in the family that lived here?" she asked. "No, it was four grown-up boys and their folks," explained the woman with the broom, "and before them it was a widow and her two sisters and an old uncle that lived with them. Families are always moving in and out in a town where there are mills." And then she added briskly, "You jump out and come right in and look over the rooms. If your folks aren't hunting for a rent I guess you know somebody that is, and when you've seen it you can tell 'em about it. Anyhow, you won't hurt those empty rooms by looking at them."

She went on with her sweeping while the four visitors climbed the stairs. They were rather glad of a chance to see the place where Sarah Starlight had lived—at least, they thought she had lived here, and before they had finished looking at the rooms they were sure of it.

In one window there was a seat with an old faded cushion. Spud got up on his knees to look out, and the cushion slipped under him. Something fell out from beneath it, and Ellen picked it up.

"It's a letter all ready to mail with a stamp on it," cried Ellen, "and it's Sarah Starlight's handwriting, as true as you live! It looks as if it had been here a good while. Would you mail it for her, Peter?"

"No," said Peter, "she may have changed her mind about sending it. I guess Sarah Starlight didn't have much of a head for business. We must give it to the woman downstairs. It's none of our affair."

But he looked rather curiously at the writing on the envelope. It was a New York address and the name was "Dr. Avery Cunliffe."

"Seems as if I'd heard it before, but I can't think where," he said.

The woman with the broom was out in the yard beating that piece of carpet. She began to talk as soon as she saw them coming out of the house, and she took the letter without paying much attention to what they were saying about it. Before they could explain, she had stuffed it into the letter-box at the edge of the sidewalk.

"Something one of the lodgers dropped," she said. "Now if you see anybody looking for a rent you can tell them you know of a good one."

They drove down the other side of the

hill and out of the village. A little farther on they came out into the flat meadowlands that bordered the big pond known as "Lost Man's Lake." Here and there was a tangled bit of real swamp, but most of the way it was just low land where big elms stood like solitary sentinels and little runs of water threaded their way through long grass.

Beside one of these runs they stopped and made their camping-place, and Ellen spread a cloth on the grass to set out the sugared cookies and sandwiches and doughnuts and cheese.

"I can hear as many as a dozen bobolinks all going at once," said Peter. "There's lots of good company here. Look at this chap coming to dinner with his bungalow on his back."

(To be continued.)

## How Bobby Robin Got His Dinner.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

ONE day Bobby Robin was dreadfully hungry, He'd hunted and hunted from morn until night.

There weren't any cherries;

He didn't want berries;

He wanted a worm, and not one in sight!

At last he flew off to Old Grandfather Robin.

"Oh, what in the world is the matter?" cried he.

"I'm sick of old berries;

There aren't any cherries;

I want a nice worm, and not one can I see!"

"Why Bobby!" laughed Grandfather Robin.

"You silly!"

The earth is as dry as a bone, don't you know?

That's what is the matter.

Until the drops patter,

All fat, juicy wormlets will stay down below."

"Are they listening, then?" cried young Bob, "for the raindrops?"

"If they heard 'pitty pat,' would they think it was rain,

And stick out their noses

In reach of my toes?"

Well, then, I must fool them; that's perfectly plain."

So he chose a dry spot, and he hopped back and forward;

It did sound like pattering raindrops, no doubt,

For a wormlet named Lucy,

Quite fat and quite juicy,

Thought a shower was starting, and poked her nose out.

Like a flash, naughty Bobby had nipped her, and swallowed;

Then Milly Worm, Willy Worm, Daddy Worm, too!

In fact that young sinner

Ate worms for his dinner

Until he was sick. I'm not sorry. Are you?





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

106 WINDSOR AVENUE,  
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and have my letter read from *The Beacon*. I would be very proud to wear the Beacon Club button.

This summer I am going to a boys' camp. The name of the camp is "Camp Dudley."

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here; my teacher's name is Mr. Wilson, and he is very nice, too.

I am ten years old, and I have been sick for three weeks and I couldn't go to Sunday school, but I can go next Sunday. Every Sunday I am sick my father brings home *The Beacon*. He is superintendent of our Sunday school.

Daddy and I made up an enigma for *The Beacon* and we hope you will like it.

Yours very truly,  
EDWARD H. LETCHWORTH, JR.

The Editor is glad to welcome this new member to our Club. How many of our Sunday schools call attention to letters in our Club corner from their members and read them in the school or class?

## The Torch of Faith.

BY THE EDITOR.

"How far that little candle throws his beams;  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

THIS Shakespeare quotation is a good one for our Beacon Club members to keep in mind. It shows the fulfilment of our motto, "Let your light shine." Here is an example of one way in which the motto has been carried out.

In November of last year a request was put into our little paper asking girls to write to Miss Ruby M. Singh, whose home is in Upper Laban, Shillong, Khasi Hills, India. Ruby is 14½ years old, and daughter of the minister of the Khasi Hills Unitarian Church. She was in school in Calcutta, but has been obliged to return home to recover from an attack of influenza.

In response to this appeal, Ruby has received ten letters from girls in America who are readers of *The Beacon*. The letters went from Evanston, Ill., Peterboro, N.H., Brighton, Jamaica Plain, Greenfield, Concord, Dorchester, Brookline, Marblehead, and Petersham, Mass. Ruby has sent answers to two of these, and means to write to the others as soon as she can. Would it be easy for you, do you think, to write a letter to Ruby in her native language? No, for you have never heard it or studied it. But she is learning English, and so you can write to each other.

By your interest in Ruby Singh you are enlarging your house of friendship. Will you not open it also to admit a thought about the Khasi Hills Unitarian Church, of which Ruby's father is minister? Shall we not let those Unitarians in the hills in India know that they have friends in America?

Suppose we send them a little help and

2120 CALLOW AVENUE,  
BALTIMORE, MD.  
Dear Miss Buck,—I am writing you a letter, so that I may become a member of the Beacon Club.

I go to the Unitarian Sunday school every Sunday. My teacher's name is Miss Gwynneth Gminder. Our minister's name is Rev. Charles A. Wing. I go to Sunday school very regularly. I am the only child in my class that has not been absent.

I am ten years old and my birthday is the end of this month.

I would like to have a Beacon Club button to show that I belong to the Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. It is very interesting and I like to work out the puzzles.

Yours sincerely,  
ELIZABETH BUCHNER.

Two other new members of our Club from Miss Gminder's class in the Baltimore school are Katherine Lanpher and Katherine Lilly, who tell us of their interest in their school and in our paper.

IOWA CITY, IA.

Dear Miss Buck,—May I please belong to the Beacon Club? I am in the second grade and six years old.

Lovingly,  
EDMUND O. STARBUCK.

cheer, just now? Any Beacon Club member, any reader of *The Beacon*, any Sunday school, may send to the Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, any sum, large or small, and it will be sent to Mr. Singh for himself and Ruby and all the other Unitarians there, to help them in their work and to help their Unitarian Church to grow and do much good. All contributions will be acknowledged in *The Beacon* and forwarded promptly.

Shall we let the torch of our faith send out its light to all parts of the world? Let your light shine.

## Spring.

BY CAROLYN KULL.

'TIS the old, old story of springtime  
That's new each year again,  
The old, old spirit of gladness  
That softens the hearts of men.

'Tis the gentle murmur of brooklets,  
The song of the birds on high,  
The bursting forth of the blossoms,  
The blue of the evening sky.

'Tis the blush of the pale pink arbutus  
That lifts its dainty head,  
And breathes its fairyland fragrance  
Over its mossy bed.

'Tis the sighing, whispering breezes,  
Flush of the morning fair,  
Waking the world to gladness,  
Driving away despair.

'Tis the balmy air of the meadows,  
The robin on the wing,  
'Tis the triumph of all creation,  
The spirit of Youth in the spring.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LIV.

I am composed of 12 letters.  
My 7, 2, 4, is the name of a great man in the Civil War.  
My 12, 2, 3, is a number.  
My 9, 10, 1, 2, is another word for anger.  
My 9, 4, 3, 12, is income from real estate.  
My 10, 3, 12, is the name of an insect.  
My 12, 2, 6, is a beverage.  
My 1, 7, 4, 11, is a small valley.  
My 8, 5, 2, 6, 12, is another word for large.  
My whole is a man who fought for the North in the Civil War.

JOHN R. GLEASON.

### ENIGMA LV.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 1, 8, 4, is a quantity.  
My 11, 6, 17, 16, is to touch.  
My 9, 13, 15, is a deep track.  
My 10, 19, 7, 5, is a child's toy.  
My 18, 12, 20, is a boy's nickname.  
My 3, 2, 14, is a metal.  
My whole is the name of a child's book.

FRANCES BILLINGS.

### CHARADE.

(The second and third are syllables of one word.)

Gathered all in the ingle nook  
Sat settlers first with serious look.  
Ralph the Weaver and Stalward Will,  
Goodman Walter and Hal of the Mill;  
They thought of the children asleep in their beds,  
Their hearts were anxious, they shook their heads.  
For the Indians were ravaging far and near,  
They were second and third and had cause to fear.

The dread passed over, the years rolled on;  
And this one's daughter wed that one's son.  
What were one, two, three, to you, my dear?  
They were all your total,—isn't it queer?

M. L. S.

### BEHEADED WORDS.

I am found in all homes. Behead me and I am something that nearly all of us have. Behead again and I am something that we cannot live without.

BARBARA HULL.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 25.

ENIGMA XLIX.—Tar-bucket Night.  
ENIGMA L.—Valentine.  
ENIGMA LI.—Captain.  
CHARADE.—Horse-man-ship.  
TWISTED CITIES.—1. Detroit. 2. San Francisco. 3. Providence. 4. Baltimore. 5. Galveston. 6. Mobile. 7. Portland. 8. Buffalo. 9. Duluth. 10. Boston.  
HIDDEN FRUITS.—1. Peach. 2. Lemon. 3. Apple. 4. Dates. 5. Pear. 6. Orange. 7. Grapes. 8. Banana.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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